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Cornwall, Pm.

Doleoloth is the name by which the mineral oil, or shale oil, of Cornwall is known. It is situated at Camdrome, in the west of Cornwall. In the early part of the present century it was noted for its production of gunpowder. However, the sales of this mineral having amounted to about £5,000,000. It now is almost entirely devoted to the production of copper and tin, about the years 1852-55, a period in the sinking when the two minerals were so blended that they could not be separated, and to make them marketable, the whole mine could have been purchased for £3,000. The mine obtained oil from only one £470,000 (4,700 shares at £100 each); so that each sum of £50 invested in it thirty years ago is now worth £7,000. The mine has produced in the last three weeks amounting to about £500 a year! The produce for some two or three years past has been forty to fifty tons of tin. The week obtained oil from only one of the eight or ten lodes in the mine. About 1,400 hands are employed, representing some 200,000 pounds of wages; but within the last month a discrepancy has been made which will not represent a loss of more than £100,000 over £100 per day—but will at once

The value of the discovery is greatly enhanced by the fact that it has been made at a depth of nearly half a mile below the surface, by a cross cut from old workings at the very bottom of the mine, and the new lode is as rich as the old—so that any piece of ground measuring only eight yards square (cubic

yards) contains more than 25,000 worth of minerals. The deposit is just what this marvelous deposit of mineral will be absolutely inexhaustible for generations yet to come.

These metalliferous lodes, or veins, run from east to west, and may be traced for one or two miles. The discovery is in the eastern part of the range. The lodes which trend westward are being sunk, and in the course of about two years, if the work is pressed on, they both may be expected to be reached. The discovery of the most extraordinary deposit of mineral is found, and so lay open further immense stores of tin.

On the adjoining property, still a little further west, and near the Dolocath boundary, is yet another shaft, which has actually struck the run of tin ground which yields the Dolocath riches.

She Paid Too Much.

Late on an evening a man about 40 years of age stood upon the Globe bridge, looking down at the water beside him, threatening to commit suicide by jumping into the Blackstone river if she did not give him 25 cents.

The woman, who was passing along, saw the man and, thinking that he needed the money to pay for food with, and he would only spend it to drink should she give it to him. He threatened, he said, to jump over the bridge and again shouted to his better half to give him the money or over he would go. She implored the crowd of people who had gathered near to save him, but to no interference. A voice from the crowd sang out: "Let him go," but still she clung to him. Finally she gave him the 25 cents, took her hand in his pocket, brought forth a silver quarter and placed it in his hand. He seized it eagerly, and started on a

lively "prayer" for a "shower" of rain, while the "war" women were for the "war" men to offer a prayer for him whose wife she thought she had saved for 25 cents.—*Providence Journal*.

Telegraph Operators.

There evidently is one kind of business for which women seem to be well fitted, judging from the number engaged in it, and that, says the *N. Y. World*, is telegraphy. Strolling about the city and down the latter-day "avenues" of the office from Harlem to the Battery there may be seen the female operator, and, as a general thing, they will be seen to be young, pretty, and well equipped for their business. She will sometimes have about her a number of subordinates of the opposite sex in the form of call-boys, and she will be seen to be a queen it with a right royal will and an air of authority that is charming to

behind. Generally these young women are dressed in the latest European fashion, and occasionally will one come across a terror, whose very look will freeze him to the marrow. However, they all seem to give assistance to the porter, and to attend well to their work, and appear to be rapidly monopolizing the telegraphic business. Far out on the western plain, where the country is almost invariably the traveler sees a pretty lake or muslin curtain at the window, a bird cage hanging up aloft, and some flowering plants on the narrow ledge, and a train of cars, or the red door (these stations all along the line of the road are painted a light, dark red), and other signs of the familiar American life. The porter, who the train stops will be nearly sure to be a bright, neatly-dressed, white-aproned young woman, come to the door and stand on the ground, looking up and watching the passengers with a half-

placed, half-sorry air. This is the local telegraph operator, who has taken on her job, and is now on the alkali desert amid the sage-brush, and whose only glimpse of the world she has left behind her is this brief acquaintance with the train which will pass and re-pass two or three times during the day. These are true types, all of them, of our brave American girl, whose courage is equal to any emergency.

Wise Words About Women.

Without hearts there is no home.—*Byron.*

How much the wife is dearer than the bride.—*Lytleton.*

We can have many wives, but only one mother.—*Abd-el-Kader.*

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you.—*Elihu Burritt.*

In doing one's duty one is sure to amiable every day to the same human being.

A wise man in his household should have a wife gentle and courteous or no wife at all.—*Euripides.*

Women must have their wills while they live, because they make none when they die.—*William of Wyke.*

Nothing flatters a man more much as the happiness of his wife: he is always proud of himself as the source of it.—*Johnson.*

A courteous and patient man is the hero in the world for teaching the virtue of patience and long suffering.—*Washington Irving.*

They're afraid of wild boys and girls; they're afraid to go to the very best men and women. Wildness is not viciousness.—*Herbert Spencer.*

In family government let this be always remembered: that the rod of proof or denunciation is so potent as the silent influence of a good example.—*Hosca Ballou.*

At the minstrel: Bones 'R. Mont-

rose can you tell me why a dude with a gumdrop Derby hat is like George Washington? Interlocutor: I hardly think, Mr. Bones, that your question will come within the range of my intellectual powers on this auspicious occasion. Why is a dude with a gumdrop Derby like George Washington? Bones—Because he's got his little hat yet!—Rambler